

XXX  
HARD

OLDER SLUTS

50+

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**Heather**  
*The Bossy Slut*



**Lexi**  
*Making Up For  
Lost Time*



*Crystal*

**A FAITHFUL  
WIFE GETS  
PAYBACK**

**CURVY  
CHENIN**  
**GETTING TO THE TOP BY  
BEING ON THE BOTTOM**

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# Lexi

## *NEWFOUND FREEDOM*

Lexi had spent most of her life attending to the needs of others. If it wasn't her two children she was dropping off at school or making dinner for, she was cleaning the house or providing sex and comfort to her husband. Now, with the kids all grown up and living on their own and her husband out of the picture, Lexi was finally handed a large portion of newfound freedom. It was well deserved - she had worked so hard for so many years - and she planned to take full advantage of it. She had fucked the same man, her husband, for too long and she knew she needed some strange cock in her, fast. Not knowing where to start, she headed across the hall and knocked on the door of the condo where she knew there was a sexy younger man who could fulfil her needs, if she could seduce him.





When the door opened, Lexi played innocent and asked to borrow a cup of sugar, but the big tits and hard, pierced nipples spilling out of her tiny corset asked for something else.

text







One look at her piercings and fit body and her neighbor's cock was pushing out of his pants. She was so hot, she wasted no time jumping on.



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black lace lingerie set, is lying on a bed. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. Her legs are raised and bent at the knees. A man's hand is visible, holding her left leg. In the background, there is a small table with a lamp and some items on it. The bed has a red and white striped blanket.

They say that with years comes experience and wow, did this slut ever have experience. She clenched her pussy tight around the young dick, never wanting to let it go.





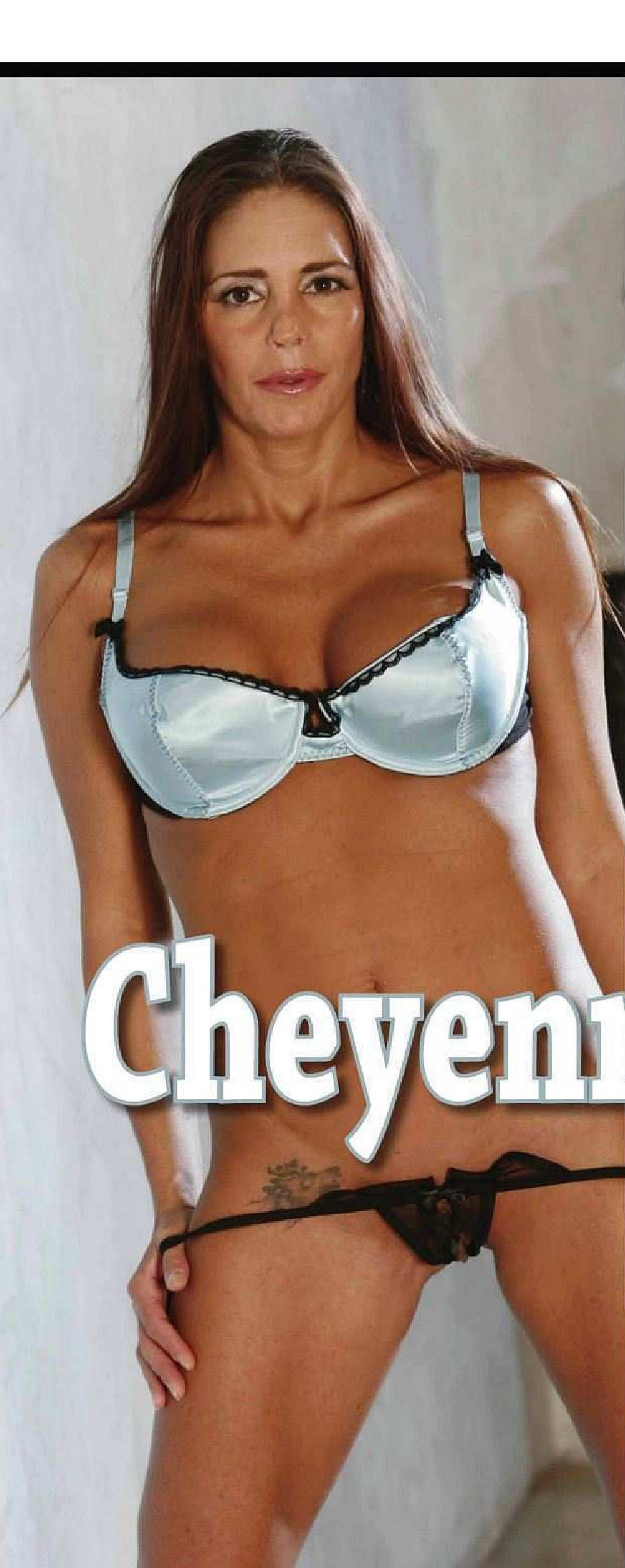
It had been too long since she had gotten it from behind . Lexi got on her knees and pushed back hard on the rock-hard dong waiting to stuff her.



With years of experience using her  
holes, this MILF knows how to fuck and  
suck. What more could you ask for?

**888-826-5477**





Cheyenne



*Tomboy Likes  
It Rough*



Cheyenne Hunter was a tomboy and proud of it. She spent all of her free time at the gym and playing sports, usually on all-male teams. She was fit, she was fierce and she had the stamina to fuck anyone's brains out for hours without a single break. Yes, Cheyenne had no trouble finding lovers to bring home at the end of the night. Always single, she liked to invite new boy-toys (and girl-toys) to share her bed, couch, shower and anywhere else they felt like getting dirty, as often as possible. But no matter how often she got laid, there was one man she really wanted who seemed to never notice her - her basketball coach Casey.

A man and a woman are lying on a red leather booth. The man is on top, looking down with his eyes closed. The woman is below him, looking up with her eyes open. They are both nude. The background is dark.

Cheyenne burned for her coach and ever time she saw him playing ball, she drenched her panties. She invited Casey over for some extra basketball practice and knew that if greeting him in crotch-less panties didn't work, nothing would.







Cheyenne worked hard to be the best at all the sports she played, and she sure as hell worked hard to be the best fuck of all time. This horny chick pumped like a champ.



A woman with long brown hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a red zip-up top and white shorts. She is being held by a man in a red suit, whose hands are visible on her waist and legs. The woman is looking down and to the side with a neutral expression. The background is a bright, possibly outdoor, setting.

She was fit and toned all over but her tight, tanned booty was her best asset. She opened up her star and yelled until it was stretched and full of her coach's slick cock.

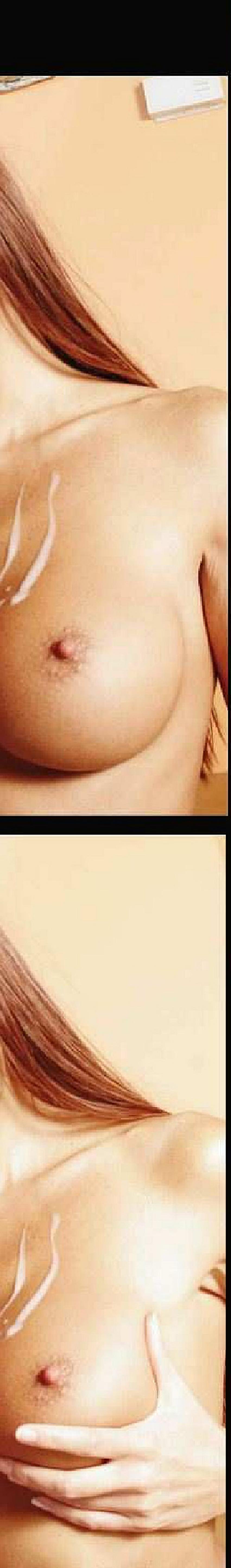


Cheyenne was a strong woman and she knew what she wanted - the biggest orgasm of her life. Her pussy dripping, she contorted and humped like a circus whore. All that time at the gym was relly paying off...









Cheyenne spread her reward on her tits, then cleaned them off with her tongue. Now, she's ready for her next fuck. Will it be you?

**888-833-5878**

# Heather *Slut Boss*



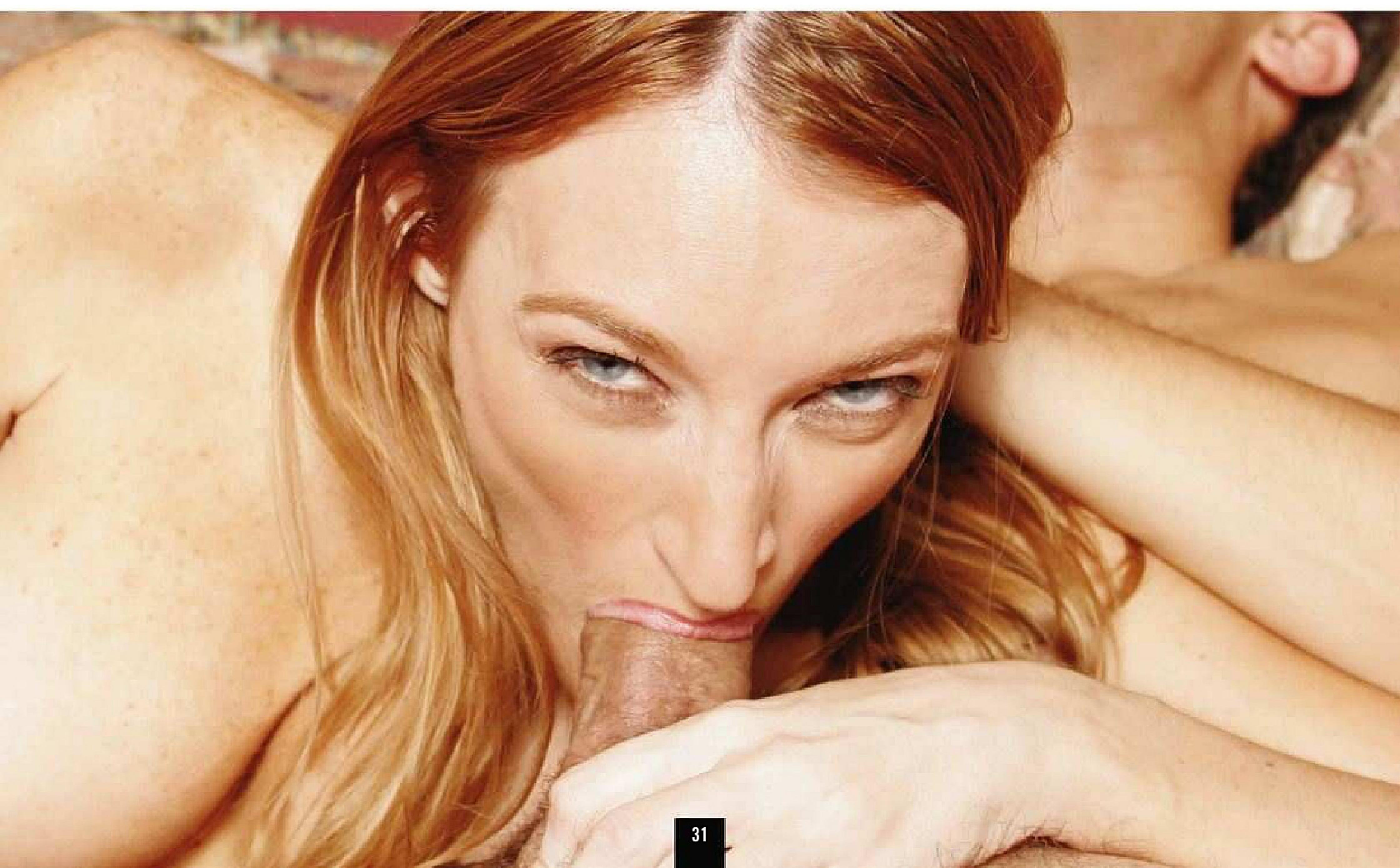
Heather had it all: a good education, a great job as a lawyer, tons of money and everything she could buy with it, including a mansion and a sports car. The one thing she didn't have was a regular fuck toy to play with whenever she pleased. Her career took up most of her life and she never had time to go out and hunt for a man, so most nights she settled for rubbing her clit in the shower or fucking away with a dildo. It was no longer satisfying and Heather needed a way to get some dick into her life, and aching pussy. When her personal assistant Julie quit to move to another part of the country, Heather knew her replacement would have to assist her in more ways than one. When Jeff walked in, she didn't even look at his resume; his interview was going to be a little more hands-on.

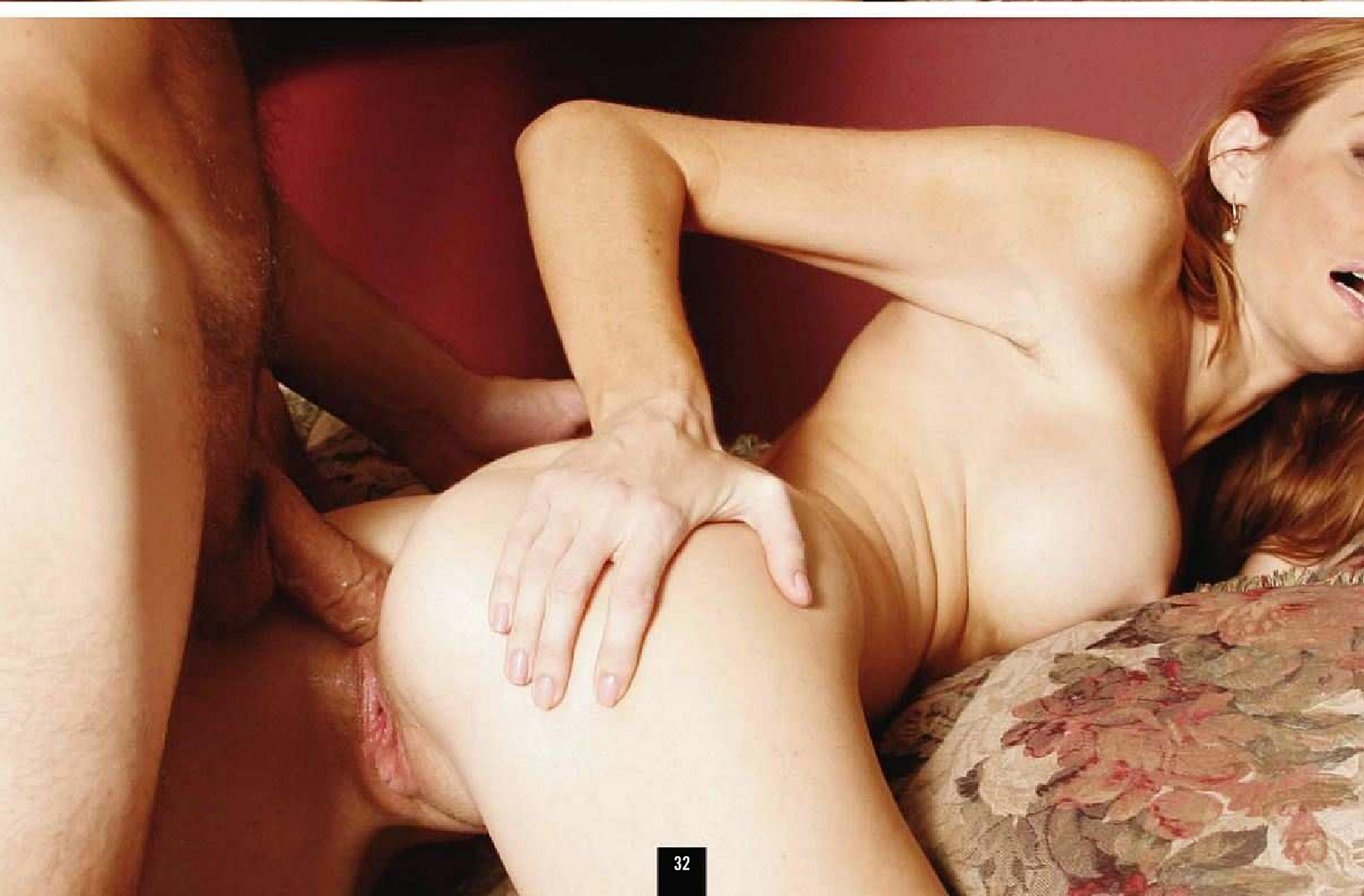




Heather now knew that her decision to not wear a bra and thong under her suit was a good idea. She was naked in seconds and sucking on a juicy, hard cock.









She didn't know if her old office couch could hold up with her wild thrusts, and she was sure people outside of her office could hear her screams, but she didn't care. The only thing on her mind was getting her sweet pussy fucked.



All those years of strict schooling  
and lonely nights with a vibrator  
made Heather a wild fuck.



She was so horny, she didn't care where Jeff put his meat, as long as it was pumping hard into her and making her tremble.









Heather could barely move and decided she was definitely going to hold a lot more interviews. Are you up for the job?

**888-848-7855**

*If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.*

I'd been helping out at Mrs Jackson's pad for about a week, when she told me: "It's time you got a healthy tan, Dick. Wanna know how?"

I looked puzzled. I'd been doing odd jobs like fixing her ice box, improving the sound system for her fuckin' huge entertainment center, and looking over her security systems on her internet connexion.

See, I'm a whizz when it comes to things electronic. And since I work inside a lot, I don't get out in the sunshine much.

So I told Mrs Jackson: "Yeah, how, Mrs J? I don't get out in the fresh air much."

She smiled – fuck, she's pretty when she smiles. She's around 50, maybe 55, but she's got a cute blonde head of hair, in one of them page boy cuts, and she's nicely built for an older woman. I'm only 24, see, so to me she's quite old!

"Well," she said, "I'm going out by the pool this afternoon, I'm gonna wear one of my sexy bikinis. And you can get your back all nicely browned. Any clues, yet, Dick?"

I shook my head – I didn't know where she was heading.

She laughed. "Well, my bikini is so fuckin' sexy you'll want to lie on top of me, Dick. And while you're on top of me, well, your back's gonna get a bit of sun, eh?"

"Why will my back get a bit of sun, Mrs J?" I asked, because now I knew what she was aiming at. And fuck, it was exciting me!

"Because you're gonna be wearing a shirt, Dick," she said. "And you won't be wearin' shorts, either. Know why?"



## THE LADY WITH THE TAN LINES

Again I shook my head. "Because you're gonna be fuckin me, Dick!" And that's when I started banging Mrs Jackson!

Well, I'd fixed her CD player, which was making popping noises when you played one of them quiet, smoochy-type tracks on it, and then she poked her head around the door of the entertainment center.

"I'm in my bikini, Dick," she said, "come

on out poolside and don't wear any clothes. Then we can get started on that tan of yours!"

I finished up the CD player, though why she wanted it fixed, I didn't know. She could have bought a new one, what with all her money. Still, it was an expensive unit, so maybe there was method in her madness.

Then I stripped off my clothes in her big kitchen, and walked out into the sunshine. I was already erect – the idea of fuckin' Mrs Jackson was really turning me on!

She was on the far side of the pool, on her back on one of them padded sun lounger things, and she was wearing an itsy-bitsy little pink bikini. As soon as I

got to the side of her lounger, I could see what a fantastic tan she had – and that her bikini so even more fuckin' sexy than she'd reckoned!

For starters, the pink top had holes cut in the middle parts of the cups, and through them her big, brown nipples were poking, just asking to be sucked! And then I saw the crotch of her tiny little pink panties – and fuck me if there wasn't a hole cut there, so you could see her shiny, slippery, hairless pussy! That was just asking to be sucked, too!

She looked up at me with these big, wrap-around sunglasses and smiled: "Well, that's what I call a welcoming cock, Dick! Nice piece of meat. Now, before you get started on that tan for your back and your butt, how's about licking my little ole pussy and getting' it nice and wet?"

Hell, what an invitation! And one that I couldn't refuse! So I went down on my knees on the hot tiles by the poolside, and placed my mouth against her labia. She tasted superb, and then I licked her between her thick, lush lips, before lapping at her cunt. That was wetter than her labia, but tasted just as great.

Then, when she'd moaned "Now you can fuck me, Dick!" I climbed up on her lounger and pointed my thick cock head to her outer cunt lips. Her hands grasped my buttocks and with a smooth dragging pull, she guided me deep into her vagina. Shoot, she was smooth!

I planted a big, smoochy, hot wet kiss on her mouth and she grinned at me. "There, Dick, is that a great way to a get a fuckin' tan, or is it a great way?"

I kissed her again, feeling her tight cunny gripping around my shaft and pulling my foreskin back down to the ring – and it was a feeling that excited me! – and told her: "You've got a great way of helping me get a tan, Mrs J." And then I concentrated on fuckin' her and not cummin' too darn soon!

But she didn't give a fuck about that. "Come on, Dick, you can cum when you like," she said. "Then you can get back



to whatever you've got to fix next. Then we'll work on the next part of your tan after lunch!"

Which was just as well, because I was so excited about fuckin' Mrs Jackson, that I couldn't hold back too long, and soon I was shooting jizz high up her cunt. She didn't seem to mind that she didn't have her climax, because she gave me a hot kiss at the end and said: "Now back to work, Dick!"

I worked naked and when I'd fixed some electronic clock on her bedside table, I walked back outside. Mrs Jackson wasn't wearing her bikini now, and she let me lick her tits and pussy, before she lay be on my back on her lounger and sat on my face, writhing and wriggling away until she'd had a noisy cum on me mouth.

After that, she pulled off me and sat down on my erection and humped herself

up and down on my stiffness, before she managed another climax. Then, I came, too.

I'm getting a pretty good tan, now, thanks to fuckin' Mrs Jackson outside by the pool. Sometimes, when it's raining, we fuck in her bedroom. Which is fine by me – I'm not all that fussed 'bout getting' a tan. Fuckin' Mrs Jackson, though, that's another story!

-Dick Davies



# Crystal Revenge Sex

Crystal had married Husband Number Two only a year ago and things were going great. They were still in their honeymoon phase and everything was perfect, or so she thought. She had moved in with her husband and his son right after the wedding and took her retirement so she could stay home and be a better wife than she had been the first time she was married. She did everything Hubby Number Two asked - in the sack and in general - and tried to treat her stepson like her own family, not having any kids of her own. When she found a pair of tiny silk panties that weren't hers in her husband's home office, she couldn't believe he was cheating on her. She was giving him everything he wanted and he still went and got some strange. If he thought he was the only one who could fuck around, he had another thing coming. When she saw her cheating husband's son hanging around the house on his day off, her mind was made up and her plan was set.









Crystal showed off her bouncing boobs and shaved pussy and she didn't need to say a word. Before she knew it, her stepson was growing hard between her luscious lips.





She had wanted to taste him and feel his dick ramming into her slit from the moment they had met. So far, the young stud was living up to all of her wet dreams.







A woman with long blonde hair is lying on a grey couch. She is wearing a pink bikini and is looking over her shoulder with a seductive expression. Her legs are bent and she is holding her knee. The background shows a window with a grid pattern.

The idea of stepson pumping into stepmom was so hot, the entire house was filled with the passionate screams and smells of sex.





Crystal's body was shaking and she couldn't believe how juicy her cunt was as the young cock kept pushing into her and she pulled at her nipples.



Crystal couldn't remember the last time she felt so hot. She wasn't going to stop until everything was sore so she grabbed the still rock-hard member and tit fucked her lover as hard and fast as she could.







Without knowing it, her husband turned Crystal into a horny, hungry sex machine. This is one hot wife who's never going to be faithful again...

**888-892-6821**



**TJ Powers** fell in love with motorcycles at a young age. As soon as she was old enough to drive them, she started collecting bikes; the faster, meaner and more powerful, the better. Every year, TJ tried to attend as many motorcycle shows and conventions as possible. Sometimes she was a speaker, sometimes she just went as a regular fan, but always - and this was her number one reason for going to these events - she found a fellow biker to ride well into the night. There wasn't any flirting or niceties, she just told the man of her choice she had a motel down the street and a hungry pussy. This time was no different and she set a personal record by picking up a younger man within five minutes of arriving at the bike show.



# TJ Powers

## *Biker Babe*



She loved sucking cock so she dropped to her knees and started sucking and tugging until he was to her liking.





TJ wanted someone who could rev her engine and to do that, the dick filling her burning hot slit had to be like her bikes - fast, powerful and manly.





This wild fuck ride was anything but womanly or proper. She cursed like a sailor and fucked her lover as hard as she could, showing him no mercy.





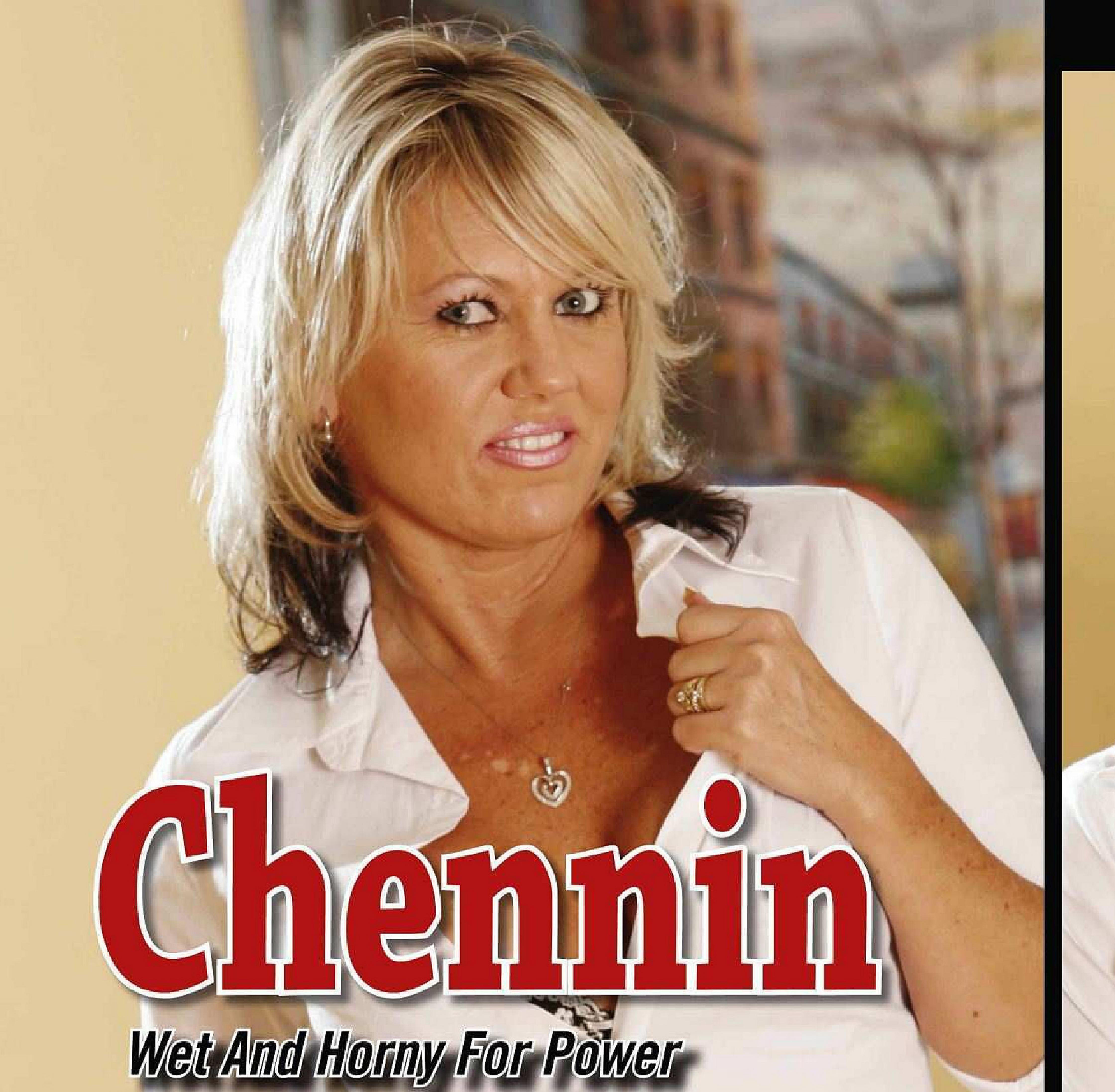


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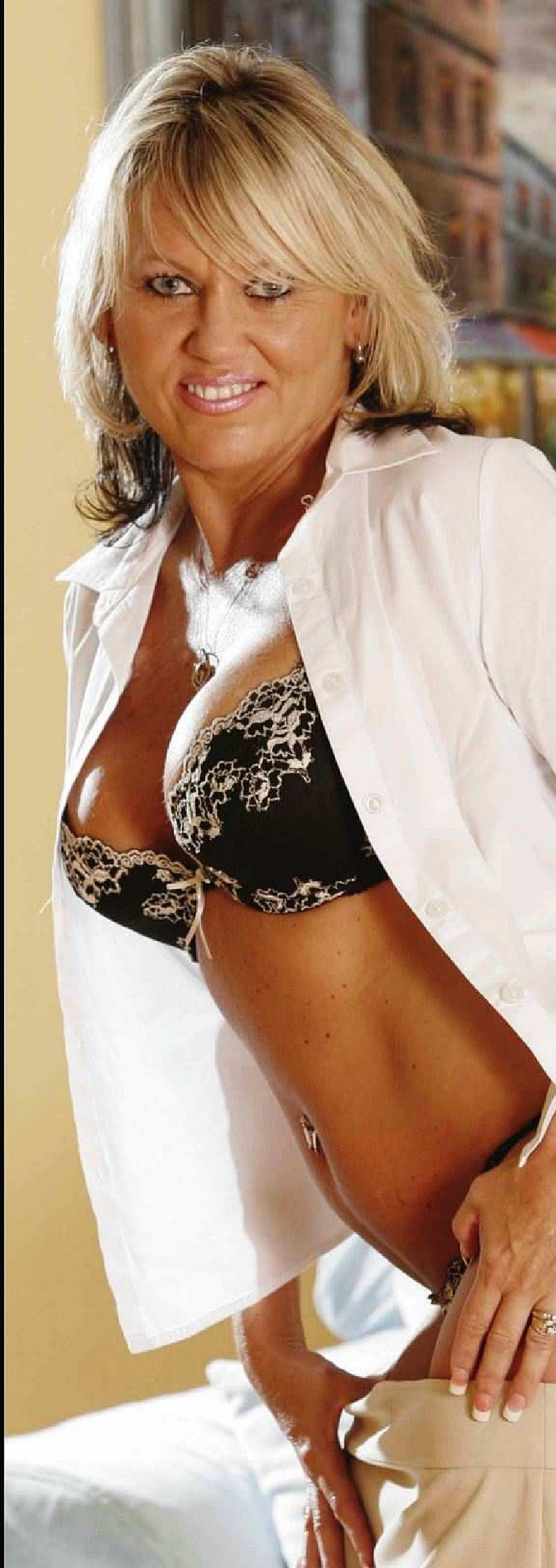




# Chennin

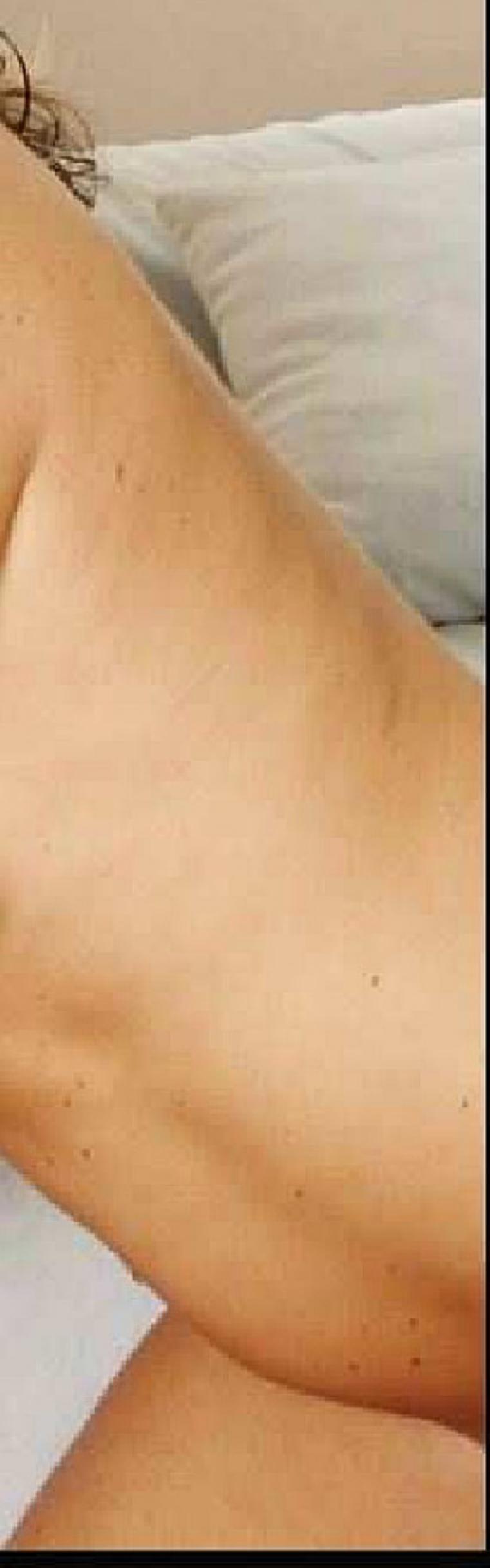
*Wet And Horny For Power*

Chennin had worked her ass off at the company for years. She put in the time, her ideas were golden and she deserved the promotion. She knew it and everybody knew it, except the decision maker. She wanted the VP of marketing position more than anything but there was one tiny problem: the president of marketing's slutty right-hand woman. Everyone knew that he wanted to promote her to VP because he was thinking with the wrong head, but what could Chennin do? After all, the slut she was up against was almost half his age, blonde and tiny, dressed like a stripper and definitely made his coffee breaks a lot hotter than anyone could imagine. She needed to think fast. When the president invited the entire department to a BBQ at his house, Chennin arrived an hour early with a bullet-proof plan in mind.





She put on a sexy, slow striptease and her boss didn't say a word. When she deepthroated him like a porn star, he cried out louder than any man she had ever gone down on.





The young slut might be easy, but Chennin knew how to make men beg for more. She took his hard, saliva-coated dick from her mouth and guided it to her wet pussy, doggy style.





She twisted and pumped on his rod, her pussy lips clenching tight around the shaft, making the president moan,





Had she known how good he was,  
she would have fucked him on  
his office desk a long time ago.  
This guy wasn't messing around  
and she fingered her clit as she  
moaned.



Chennin now had another reason to pray that she got the promotion - she wanted to ride this fucker silly every day. She thought her cunt was going to explode with desire.







Coating her yummy titties with cum, the president gave her the good news - she was the new VP. With a new private office she knew she could now fuck anyone, anytime, not just her boss...

**900-378-6060**



# Bailey

## *Ultimate Groupie*

Bailey knew a thing or two about being a groupie to some of the hottest rock stars of the '70s and '80s. Men, women, threesomes, orgies - this woman had done it all in her younger years, and she did it in every position imaginable. She was so popular between the musicians of her time, they named a sex position after her. There was nothing Bailey wouldn't try at least twice and since settling down and doing the "normal" thing of getting married, buying a house and having kids, there wasn't a single day that went by when she didn't think of her happy, wet, sex-filled past. She missed all of her wild sex adventures. Her son's band practiced in her garage every week and the drummer was a hottie. She had always had a thing for men on drums and when he came up to get something from the fridge one day, she couldn't deny her aching cunny any longer.







She knew he was young and that he had a hot young girlfriend who was a cheerleader, but she didn't care - Bailey was confident her history as a rock star whore and experience would lure him in.



Bailey was sopping wet before his cock head even touched her mature slit. She slid down on it with all her power.







Now that she was actually getting plowed by the young stud from her fantasies, she was determined to feel him in all of her hot holes. She offered her juicy ass and pulled him in.









The fact that they were going wild on the living room couch only made her beg for more. She didn't care that anyone could walk in and catch them - that was making her hornier and ready for a second round.





Once a filthy whore, always a filthy whore. Help make this  
ex-groupie's wildest rock star fantasies come true...

**900-537-6725**

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I'm a real cut-up at work. The job stinks, the pay's puny, and my boss is a total jerk-off, but I use the skills I picked up as class clown in high school to make it almost bearable. Unfortunately, my funny lines don't translate into pick-up lines, and my sex life is just as dead as my dead-end career.

So I have to make my (ball) breaks when I see them. Like last week, when the boss told me to take the van back to his place to pick up some material he'd left behind.

"And don't make any crank calls to radio stations along the way," the kill-joy barked. "You're still on company time."

I gave him a stiff-armed salute, behind his back, and hopped into the van, hit the streets. The guy lived in an upper middle class suburb, his fancy home built on the backs of plebes like me.

I rocked to a stop in the lane behind his garage. The material was sitting right there. But I took a peek through a knothole in the big cedar fence surrounding his spacious backyard, to get a glimpse of the swimming pool my blood, sweat, and beers had built. And I built some wood of my own.

The boss's wife, Audrey, was lying on a lounger next to the sparkling, aquamarine waters, sunning her smoking body in a blazing orange bikini. Her tits swelled off her chest, nipples almost piercing the thin, straining material of her top, smooth round-sided cleavage gleaming golden-brown. Her shoulders were buff and tanned and toned like her arms, honey legs stretched out long and slim and curvaceous, pussy between bulging her skimpy bikini bottom. She had a pair of gold-rimmed shades pushed up onto her blonde highlighted hair, a cool drink in one hand and a book in the other.

I licked my lips, swallowed, limbering up my



## BOSS ME

pipes. See, my comedy routine includes impersonations, the one of my asshole boss a surefire crowd-pleaser down at work. And now, maybe a wife-pleaser, here at home.

I flipped my cell open, punched in the big man's residential number.

Audrey set her drink down and scooped the cordless phone up off the glass-topped table next to her. "Hello?"

Her voice was husky, sexy.

"It's me, baby," I growled like her husband. "You by the pool, sunning that beautiful body of yours? Getting yourself all hot and bothered?"

She breathed. I held my breath.

"Getting myself all bronze and buttery for you, honey," she finally purred.

Yes! I mentally yelped. The babe had bought my impersonation, didn't suspect it was the poor man's Frank Caliendo on the other end of the line.

"How about making yourself even hotter for me, baby? By sticking your hand in your top and feeling up those big, brown jugs of yours."

Audrey bathed her glossy lips with a pussy-pink tongue. Then she set down her book and slid her hand up her flat, glistening stomach, pushed her bikini top up and right off her tits, grabbed onto an exposed melon.

"Mama Cass!" I murmured.

"What's that, honey? I'm cupping one of my breasts, squeezing it, imagining your big hands all over my sensitive boobs."

She was! Right there in front of me, over the phone. Her knockers hung huge, fat nipples a darker shade of delight. She worked over one tit, the other, moaning into my ear. I filled the knothole with my eye, my hand with my dick, hard-stroking my hard-on.

"Put me on speaker, baby," I rasped, my impersonation holding, just barely, despite the lump in my throat and hand. "So you can feel up your tits while you rub that hot, juicy pussy of yours. I want to hear you squeal."

"Oh, honey, you are naughty today, aren't you?"

I'm a fucking raving pervert, lady! I screamed inaudibly. Now show papa your pussy!

She placed the phone back on the table and hit a button; then her button. Her bikini bottom came apart at the sides with a couple of string pulls. The dark, trimmed fur of her twat winked in the sunlight, making me pump faster. Audrey spread her legs, glided her right hand down her abdomen and onto her quim, rubbed; as she kneaded her shining casabas, twisted and pulled on her over-engorged nipples.

"Oh, yes!" she moaned to me, making my dick vibrate in my fist.

"You stroking that hard clit of yours, baby?" I gulped. "Giving your gourds a groping?"

"Oh, honey, yes! I'm rubbing my pussy, pulling on my nipples, imagining your hands and mouth and tongue all over me!"

I didn't have to imagine a thing. I was seeing it all in stunning sun-drenched color, with cock-wrap-around sound. Audrey's voice dripped with sex I could almost taste.

"Then imagine my cock inside of you – fucking you! Stick your fingers in your cunt ... and your



ass," I directed. "Fuck yourself like it's me fucking you!"

That ass part was a Hail Mary, but I was too wound up to let it pass. And double-D damned if the tawny slut didn't do it!

She arched up and rolled slightly onto her side on the lounger and jammed two fingers into her slit, a pair into her butt. Then she pumped with both hands, fucking her tunnel and chute. "Oh, honey, darling! I'm-I'm ... going to come!"

My cock surged rock-hard in my hyper-shifting hand. The phone was implanted into the side of my head, my orbital bone gathering splinters as it crowded the knothole. "Come for me, baby!" I cried.

"Oh, God, yes, I'm coming!"

The woman's wet-dream body quivered out-of-control, her flying fingers and my sexy

directions setting her off. She screamed and shuddered repeatedly with orgasm, stretched out taut, wildly pumping her sexholes.

I came with her, my cradled, cranked cock going off with a bang. I jerked with abandon, jetting jizz against the fence, pressure-hosing the cedar.

I thought about busting in on the gasping babe and trying to score while the situation and flesh was still hot. But a good comic always leaves them wanting more.

So, I tucked in my prick and loaded up the van and drove back to work. I needed that paycheque, after all, until my really big break came along.

-Ty Mancini

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